

Missiskoui



Standard.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

VOL. 2.

MISCELLANY.

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hand he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. 'Frank!' he said, 'take my horse to the stable. Rub him down thoroughly; when he is cooled, step in and let me know.' And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the Village schoolmaster—a thin pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish...a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump rosy dame of thirty five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neck-cloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small clothes were red likewise. 'All red!' ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily. 'As you say, the gentleman is all red!' added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remarks, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to shake it off bravely. It would not do; he felt the power of the look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence. 'Now, bring me your boot-jack,' said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, and the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, 'All red!' as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke. 'Faith, this is odd!' observed the host. 'Rather odd,' said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, & did not know what to make of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new comer requested the host to hand him a night cap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it on his head. Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating 'Red again!' The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remarks, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable. 'All red,' murmured the parson once more. 'Yes, Dr. Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red,' re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the

last! 'Why don't you turn him out?' exclaimed the exciseman. 'If you think you are able to do it, your are heartily welcome,' replied the landlord: 'for my part, I have no notion of coming into close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist.' This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject. At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. 'Who could he be?' This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer. Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time he also saw the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard: and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn; every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighboring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected on the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, & still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy legged ostler entered in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing every thing around, as if he would break his manger to pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. 'Ay, there he goes,' continued he, 'I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the enemy himself. Ods, if you saw his eyes: they were like—' 'What are they like?' demanded the landlord. 'Ay, what are they like?' exclaimed the rest, with equal impatience. 'Ods, if they an't like burning coals!' ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever. During the whole of this time the sound of the walking over head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated; there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or diminution, or rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass, with the impetuous loudness of the hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the mirky firmament. The noise of the elements were indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have

just hinted, was as nothing, to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

[The party argue themselves into the belief that he is indeed the enemy of mankind.]

'If more proof is wanting,' resumed the parson, after a pause, 'only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell fire from which he is sprung. 'Did you observe the hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?' asked the exciseman. 'Such a diabolical glance is in his eye!' said the schoolmaster. 'Such a voice,' added the landlord, 'it is like the sound of a cracked chariot.' 'His feet are not cloven,' observed the landlady; 'No matter,' exclaimed the landlord, 'the devil when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbors.' 'Better than some of them,' quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband. Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation of the sound, while out of door the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse, were heard with-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained, the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopement of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *ectoies* narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, eyeing each other like apertures amidst the increasing gloom. At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause of some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stairs. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread grew nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright; the exciseman followed her example; the landlord gasped in an agony of terror; and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation, for the behoof of his soul. Dr. Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed in a trembling voice, to call out 'Avant, Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea.' 'I am going as fast as I can,' said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice awoke the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad brimmed, low crowned hat, top boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm. On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honored with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of King's money, and ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, and snuff-boxes. He was never afterwards seen in those quarters.

A gentleman who had for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint was advised by Dr. Crawford of Baltimore to make an excursion into the State of Ohio. After travelling three months, he returned home apparently in good health; but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother who had actually died of a sanguineous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling, down cried out that he was dead! and had as he always expected died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac immediately exclaimed, 'O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of

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him. However to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place.'

He called for a carving knife and whetting it as a Butcher would to open a dead calf, he stepped up to him and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so horribly frightened, that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out, 'Murder! Murder! Murder!' ran off with the speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted; not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period, this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver; nor had he for more than twenty years afterwards, any symptoms of this disease.

A Tempting Offer.—A lady who styles herself 'a candidate for connubial bliss,' advertises in the Opelousas (La.) Gazette, that she 'ardently desires to unite herself to some gentleman whose habits and disposition are accordant with her own.' Applications are to be made to the editor of the Gazette, who says, 'if he could, he would himself volunteer for the bold lady,' and well he says so, if truly the modest fair one portrays her excellencies. 'My complexion is brunet, eyes and hair black, nose Grecian, mouth small, neck slender, but proportionately full, height 5 feet 3 inches, ankles and hands delicately formed—fortune about \$20,000 dollars.'

What a terrible condition they must be in at Opelousas 'and all about that quarter,' if a lady so richly endowed with all manner of desirables is obliged to advertise for a help mate! Husbands must be as scarce there as Col. Benton's mint drops have been since the last election. If the brunet with the black eyes, small mouth Grecian nose, delicately formed hand and ankles, and the twenty thousand dollars, will but step over this way, we will undertake to fit her with a spouse in less than twenty-four hours after her arrival. *New York Commercial.*

Massacre at the Fgees Islands.—The ship Cyrus, Hussey of Nantucket, just from the Pacific, reports, having heard on her passage that three of the officers and three of the crew of the whale ship Awaskonka, of Falmouth, were murdered by the savages while getting refreshments at the Fgees Islands. From our gatherings of information it appears that the Awaskonka had got her supplies from the Islands, and when she was about weighing anchor to pursue her cruise, a great number of the Islanders swam off to the ship in a friendly manner, and some fifteen or twenty of them were permitted to come on board. So perfectly friendly did they appear that the master and officers guided them to all parts of the ship, and described the whaling tackles &c. to them. While the master was showing the Chief his spades, used for cutting up whales after they are taken, the Chief took one up, and while the master was off his guard severed his head from his body at a blow.

A general warfare ensued, in which the first and second mates and three of the men were killed; a Nantucket boy by the name of Wood, badly wounded.

The first was killed soon after the master fell; the second mate was chased to the end of the jib-boom by the savages, when he leaped overboard and was murdered by those in the water.

The boy, on being wounded, ran into the cabin and knowing that the Chief was at the helm endeavoring to run the ship ashore, took down a musket, heavily loaded, and aiming up through the sky light shot him on the spot. As soon as the savages saw that their leader was killed, they all jumped overboard and swam to the shore. The third mate then took command of the ship and carried her into Oahu—where it seems she was last reported in the list brought by the Cyrus.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of rope in his bed room. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire! The Staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope ladder as quick as possible, into a tub of water which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed in your mind, that you have no right to live in this world; that, being of a hale body and sound mind, you have no right to any earthly existence without doing work of some sort or other, unless you

have ample fortune whereon to live clear of debt; and that, even in that case, you have no right to breed children to be kept by others, or to be exposed to the chance of being so kept. Start with this conviction thoroughly implanted in your mind. To wish to live on the labour of others is, besides the folly of it, to contemplate a fraud at the least, and, under certain circumstances, to meditate oppression and robbery. I suppose you in the middle rank of life. Happiness ought to be your great aim, and it is to be found only in INDEPENDENCE.—Turn your back on White-hall and Somerset House; leave the customs and Excise to the feeble and low-minded; look not for success to favour, to partiality, to friendship, or to what is called interest; write on your heart that you will depend solely on your own merit and your own exertions.—*Cobbett.*

The Lost Dragoon.—It is not generally known that underneath the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a range of gloomy vaults in which are entombed many of the illustrious dead of the Irish capital. The cemetery has been for many years shut up; and about the time when it began to be disused, the melancholy and affecting circumstance happened which I am now going to relate. An officer of the 4th Dragoons who had enjoyed the affections of a fair Hibernian maid, and whilst every preparation was making for that consummation most devoutly to be wished for by an attached and youthful pair, chanced to be on guard at the Castle. Lounging about in his uniform, and exhibiting to the admiring eyes of many a love sick damsel his handsome person, set off with all

'The pomp and panoply of glorious war,' a funeral procession passed him; and seeing that the remains of some person of consequence were about to be consigned to their parent earth in a private and unostentatious manner, curiosity prompted him to follow in the melancholy train. The procession took the direction of the College, and, passing under the archway, arrived at the entrance to the vaults. Here was seen the last of a gallant soldier. He was missed from his guard; his place at the mess-table (which he used to enliven with his hilarity and good humour) remained empty that evening. The following morning his mistress, in the figurative language of the East, 'dropped the anchor of hope in a harbour of anxiety; and conjecture was at a stand still to account for his protracted absence. Months rolled, a year passed, still no tidings of the absentee. At last another funeral wended its way to the Trinity vaults. The mourners descended into their dark recesses. In passing along one of the sepulchral galleries, their feet crushed the mouldering bones of a skeleton. Imagining their astonishment when they observed beside it a steel casque and rusted sabre. On examining the bones, the flesh seemed to have been eaten off them by voracious rats. The sword belt and pouch were also nearly devoured, & after a great deal of speculation as to the identity of the unfortunate individual, who evidently had strayed into the vaults on a former occasion, and lost himself in their gloom, had been starved to death, and finally devoured, it was eventually found out to be the young and ill-fated dragoon.

Extraordinary.—The Ice Bridge still holds fast on the evening of the 4th May, notwithstanding the remarkably high tides which occurred yesterday, and more particularly this morning. The tides have been assisted too by rain and North East easterly winds, though not of the violence usual at this season. Last night, there was a new fall of rain; but in the morning it changed to sleet and snow; which however, melted on the ground.—The thermometer was at freezing in the night, and as low as 33 at eight o'clock A. M. with south-westerly wind.

It is stated that, about sixty years ago, the ice moved away on the 8th May. It was not in 1775, 77, '78, or '79: as to 1777, The Quebec Gazette, owing to the seige, was not published from the beginning of the seige till August of that year; but the vessels of war which relieved the garrison, arrived early in May.

There are several causes which have contributed to the long duration of this bridge. The position as to currents, is remarkably favorable to its holding long, when of accumulated ice. The continued severity of the season, along the whole waters of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, is one of the principal causes of its duration. As late as the 26th the ice interrupted the navigation of Lake Ontario. All the rivers falling into the St. Lawrence, as well as the lake waters, have been kept, therefore, at a very low point of temperature, probably not more than two to six degrees above freezing. Our ice floats in water of that temperature which, when warm, as it usually is early in April, in all the countries above Montreal, comes down to Quebec, and rapidly thaws the ice from under particularly whenever the current is strong. This is the way in which the ice bridges at Caraouge, and those of accumulated or tossed ice, which are sometimes ten to fifteen feet thick, are rapidly worn away where the current is strong, and a channel is formed in a few days. This year the weather has partaken of extraordinary cold even to this hour, and the waters of the St. Lawrence are consequently at a very low temperature. We fear that the 8th or 10th day of May will elapse before the ice leaves us.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Another serious fire took place at New

YORK on the evening of the 4th, by which the greater portion of the buildings in a large block, and several in those adjoining were totally destroyed. After the fire had been burning for about an hour, and when, as the NEW YORK paper states a few additional strokes would have extinguished it, intelligence was brought to the principal engineer, Mr. JAMES GULICK, that the Common Council, then sitting at the City hall, had removed him from office. On learning which this gentleman immediately threw up his command, and retired from the scene of action, his example being followed by all of the firemen present. Matters remained in this state for about two hours, during which the fire gained additional strength, and raged with even greater fury than it had done before the appearance of the engines. At length some gentlemen succeeded in inducing the principal engineer to return, when the firemen recommenced operations, and after much labour, succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration. The conduct of Mr. GULICK in this matter is deserving of the severest reprehension. Had he continued on the ground, a vast amount of valuable property would have been saved. In such cases, a man's private feelings ought to bend before the graver consideration of the duty which he owes to his neighbours.

EMIGRATION.

No less than three hundred persons have passed through Killarney, on their way to Cork, to embark for America; and upwards of one hundred persons have during the past week emigrated from that town alone.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—Although the number of emigrants which arrived out last year were not so considerable as in previous years, still from the preparations which are now in progress for the commencement of the season of the Canada Trade, no doubt exists but that a very large augmentation to the settlers in the Colony will be made this year. The period at which the emigrant ships leave this country has nearly arrived—the first vessel is fixed to depart in about ten days, and such is the demand for berths, that there is scarcely a vessel destined for Canada this year which is not completely full. Among those going out as emigrants, are a number of the better description of artificers mechanics, &c. and such is the demand for labourers that contracts are in the course of completion for sending out for public works upwards of 5,000 men. Numerous applications have also been made by parishes in Norfolk, Sussex, Essex, and other parts of the country to forward able-bodied men, who are now receiving parochial relief, to the Colony where their services are much wanted.—*Dublin Evening Post, March 18.*

Translated from a correspondence in the French sheet of Saturday.

Three Rivers, May 5th.—This place has just met with a loss which will be long felt, as well by its population as by that of the adjoining parishes. The bridge built four years ago on the St. Maurice, has been partly swept away by ice; that is the one which went from the Three Rivers side to the Island of St. Christopher, and which was the largest.—The ice could not do damage to the pillars themselves, but having risen to the overlying carpenter's work for the passage of carriages, it was carried off. It went off in one piece, but having been broken in three pieces, one piece was thrown ashore on the Island, and the two remaining have gone down the St. Lawrence. The second bridge from the Island to the parish of Cap de la Magdalene stands as well as the pillars of the first. It is supposed that the damage is valued at £2,500 to £3,000. The province had voted £6,000, and it will be recollected that it was with difficulty that Mr. Attorney General Ogden, then member for Three Rivers, got the vote passed.

UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, April, 29th.—Our last contained a copy of Mr. Sp. Papineau's letter to Mr. Sp. Bidwell. The evil designs of Mr. Bidwell, in laying that letter upon the table of the House, are apparent in the sneaking way in which he performed his task. The motion to adjourn had been made at twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, before our gentleman could muster up courage to announce the fact, when he tremblingly drawled out, 'Oh! I forgot—I have a letter from Mr. Papineau to lay on the table,' where it was accordingly placed, and the House adjourned. Late as it was, however some of the Constitutionalists did not fail thoroughly to possess themselves of its contents, and to be in a state of preparation to deliver their sentiments fully upon it the next morning, when Mr. W. B. Robinson, seconded by Mr. McNab, made the following motion:—

'That it be resolved, that the letter from L. J. Papineau, Esq., the Hon. Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, dated 15th March; and also certain resolutions adopted by that body on the 15th February last, on the political state of the British American Colonies, both of which were directed to the Hon. the Speaker of this House as its 'organ,' and by him laid on the table on the evening of yesterday, contain sentiments and opinions subversive of the true principles of the British Constitution, which this house, representing the loyal inhabitants of Upper Canada, do not respond to, but most distinctly and decidedly dissent from, be not entered on the Journals of this House,

but returned to the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada.'

This motion gave Mr. Robinson an opportunity of taking the floor, which as we before stated he kept till the time arrived for the members to go up with an address to his Excellency by appointment, only half an hour before the prorogation. Mr. Robinson, during his speech elicited from the gallery the most deafening thunders of applause, which frightened the Speaker nearly out of his senses.—*Toronto Pat.*

The disclosure made by Sir Francis Head, in communicating to the Assembly of Upper Canada the instructions he had received for his conduct in the Government of that province, and those imparted to the Canada Commissioners, seems to have puzzled the Ministry and the politicians both in and out of the house, who take an interest in the affairs of these Colonies, whilst the refusal of Sir George Grey, only a short time before, to place these very instructions before the Commons, renders the whole of the circumstances connected with this affair not the less incomprehensible. Nor did the conduct of Sir George Grey, in the Commons, render the matter clearer when, in acceding to Mr. Roebuck's renewed application for the instructions to the Commissioners, he said Sir Francis Head acted on his own responsibility in making them public, yet he did not make any remark which could be construed into censure on the Lieutenant Governor's conduct in so doing.

The *True Sun* of the 12th March, speaks of the disclosure as a bungling piece of management and bad faith on the part of the Colonial department, which will, in all probability, produce consequences fatal to the successful termination of the Canada Commission, and accuses Sir George Grey of duplicity towards Mr. Roebuck; indeed from the general tenor of its remarks, evidently emanating from Roebuck or some of his knot, we anticipate the Agent of the Lower Canada Assembly will raise a pretty considerable 'flare up,' when the matter comes under discussion in the House, as soon as an opportunity can be made, he no doubt will bring it under consideration.

The *Morning Chronicle*, which is now considered a Ministerial organ, excuses Sir Francis as a young diplomatist who does not understand how to distinguish between the substance and copies of such documents as he may be instructed to communicate. But the *True Sun*, the radical paper above alluded to treats this as a crooked proposition, and in truth we confess that we cannot understand of what nature the 'substance' of a document can be, unless it conveys, though perhaps not the precise terms, yet the precise and true meaning of the despatch or what else it may be which he pretends to represent. The inexperienced diplomatist has by his open proceeding, probably placed the Ministers in rather an awkward predicament.

But at the same time it must be remembered that Ministers have, not unfrequently, left Governors in the lurch, when they could plead the excuse of their meaning not having been fairly interpreted, and sir Francis, whatever his diplomatic errors may be, has at any rate deprived them of this escape, whatever results the instructions to the Commissioners or to the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada may produce.

Our COIN is composed of the refuse of all others and it is our own fault; we do nothing for ourselves, and our cunning neighbours make their business out of us. There are extracts from the Upper Canada Act which will run away with all our coins, and leave us with an abundance of Notes that are Blue....*Quebec Gaz.*

'Of Gold Coins....The British Guinea weighing five pennyweights nine and a half grains Troy, at one pound five shillings and fourpence.

The British Sovereign, weighing five pennyweights three and a half grains Troy, at twenty four shillings and fourpence.

The Eagle of the United States of America, coined before the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, weighing eleven pennyweights six grains Troy, at fifty three shillings and fourpence.

The Eagle of the United States of America, coined since the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, weighing ten pennyweights eighteen grains Troy, at fifty shillings.

The Eagle of the United States of America, coined since the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, weighing ten pennyweights eighteen grains Troy, at fifty shillings.

The British Half Crown, at three shillings.

The British Shilling, at one shilling and threepence.

The British Sixpence, at sevenpence halfpenny.

The Spanish-milled Dollar, at five shillings equal to four shillings and sixpence Sterling money of Great Britain.

The Dollar of the United States of America, at five shillings.

The Mexican Dollar, coined in the years one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, at five shillings. And all the higher and lower denominations of the said Gold and Silver Coins shall also pass current, and be deemed a Legal tender in payment of all debts and demands whatsoever in this Province, in the same proportions respectively.

TEXAS.

The New Orleans Bee of the 11th ult. gives the following distressing intelligence from Texas....received by the General De

Kalb from Brazonia, whence she sailed on the third ult.

On the 23d ult. Colonel Fanning had sent out a scouting party of about 50 men; they were massacred. On the 24th, he sent out a skirmishing party of 150: they were also cut off. He then resolved to destroy the fort of Goliad; burn the town; and cut his way through the enemy encamped in his neighbourhood, as his provisions failed, and his garrison had diminished to 300. But in attempting this, he was surrounded by the Mexicans, and compelled to capitulate and lay down his arms—after which with characteristic treachery, he and all were shot.

The detachment of volunteers from Georgia under Major Ward, has been also cut off, with the exception of three persons, one of whom had arrived in Brazonia before the De Kalb sailed.

On the 26th ult. Gen. Houston found it necessary or convenient to retreat 20 miles rearward from the Colorado river as one wing of the Mexican army had arrived on the opposite bank.

The Mexicans were advancing in two columns—one upon Gen. Houston, the other towards the mouth of the Brazos.

The army under Houston was posted near the Brazos river on the 29th ult.; and contained about 2000 men; that column of the Mexican opposed to him had then crossed the Colorado, and numbered about 3000. The Texians think and Houston has determined that the enemy shall never recross the Colorado; and we think and trust that they shall not pass the Brazos.

The Texians have actually become desperate from the massacres, and situation of their affairs. They have burned San Felipe de Austin; and destroyed all the country in their retreat. They have sent hither their women & children, with whom the De Kalb and other vessels are crowded. They have resolved in case of necessity to burn Brazoria and Bell's Landing on the approach of the Mexicans; and are transporting most of their effects to Galveston, for which place the schooners Columbus and Flash, were ready to sail. The Pennsylvania and Shenandoah were bound for this port; the Scantling was at the mouth of the river, and the Julius Caesar within.

The Boston Statesman of Saturday says that 'a letter, in the hand writing of Santa Anna, directed to an influential Mexican residing near Fort Jessup, has fallen into the hands of the commander of that post, and has been by him forwarded to our Government at Washington....among other things, it contains an injunction upon the person to whom it is addressed, that he should by himself, or through emissaries, excite the slaves of Louisiana to massacre their masters, and then join his army in its efforts to subjugate Texas, and promising them liberal rewards for so doing. The information comes through Col. Lewis a commissioner of Texas, and may be relied on. Santa Anna will get his hands full bye and bye.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

Meetings are about to be held in all the principal Atlantic cities, in aid of the Texians. The barbarities of the Mexicans, where they have the power, exceed belief. They make it a war of extermination.

For the Mississauga Standard.

Mr. Editor, Sir—When I last week solicited a place in your paper, for some strictures which I deemed it my duty to make to a long tirade of vulgar abuse addressed to the 'English Nation' against those benevolent efforts made by Protestants to supply their scattered and destitute brethren in this Colony with the means of grace, I

did not imagine that I should so soon have to take up my pen in defence of a duty sanctioned by every feeling of humanity, by every tie of brotherhood, by every law of morality, and so plainly enjoined in the word of truth. I thought that such a copious effusion of bile might have restored 'John B. McMahon, missionary,' to comparative good humour—to something like his vaunted state of 'perfect good will towards all mankind, of every possible religious denomination,' and that he would have given, from sheer charity, the fanatical 'Biblicals,' as he terms the poor Protestants, a respite of at least a month. The most sage, however, in their conjectures, and the most reasonable in their expectations, may find themselves mistaken, and I perceive in the Vindicator of April 29th, another tissue of misrepresentation, blending of Societies distinct and opposed in their principles and designs, indigent quibbling, and impudent falsehood worthy the very incarnation of spiteful intolerance, and implacable persecution.

The British Shilling, at one shilling and threepence.

The British Sixpence, at sevenpence halfpenny.

The Spanish-milled Dollar, at five shillings equal to four shillings and sixpence Sterling money of Great Britain.

The Dollar of the United States of America, at five shillings.

The Mexican Dollar, coined in the years one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, at five shillings. And all the higher and lower denominations of the said Gold and Silver Coins shall also pass current, and be deemed a Legal tender in payment of all debts and demands whatsoever in this Province, in the same proportions respectively.

He tells the men of Bath, O'Connell & Co., that it will be necessary to give them certain statements 'in order to put them in full possession of the phrenzy and religious intolerance

exercised here, by persons, under the denomination of SOCIETIES for the promoting the Gospel among the Indians and destitute settlers of Lower Canada.' I have charged 'John B. McMahon' with impudent falsehood, and I have not to search long for the fullest evidence of his guilt, and that evidence must be unexceptionable inasmuch as it is given by himself. The veracious 'missionary' speaks of 'persons' under the denomination of SOCIETIES for the promoting the Gospel among the Indians and destitute settlers of Lower Canada, now. It happens that no such 'persons' exist, for there is neither a Society, nor are there Societies under such denomination.

There is a Society, and it is the one denounced by the 'missionary,' for he says the Lord Bishop of Quebec was in the chair at a 'general meeting,' he should have said at its organization, but its 'denomination' is 'the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and destitute settlers and Indians of Lower Canada.'

This Society has not yet been three months in existence, it is not now in active operation, and therefore no 'persons' under its 'denomination' can, with truth, be accused of 'phrenzy and religious intolerance.'

If there are any other Societies in Lower Canada established for similar purposes, and I deny that there are, they have nothing to do with that plainly pointed at by the 'missionary,' which is purely confined to the Church of England; and it is surely dishonest in the extreme to blend Societies distinct and independent, to exhibit them under one 'denomination,' and to make one answerable for the alleged faults and improprieties of others.

That there are religious tract Societies established in the U. S. who have active agents in this Province I well know; yet Mr. O'Connell would point to that country, as a shining example of religious toleration, and John B. McMahon's himself would admit that the tolerating spirit of the people of that country shone with peculiar brightness when the Boston Convention furnished the material of the flame.

That the missionary wilfully and maliciously blends Societies whose principles scarcely correspond in a single particular, is evident from his plaintive wailing respecting the distribution of 'tracts.' On my visit to North River, he says 'I found numberless tracts ingeniously put into the hands, or thrust in at the doors of the houses of those committed to my care by the emissaries of those Societies.' I have already stated that there is but one Society for propagating the Gospel among the destitute settlers and Indians of Lower Canada, and I now assert that that one has as yet no 'emissaries' at North River or any where else, and that consequently, the tracts in question could not be 'ingeniously,' or in any other way, put into any hands by persons who had actually no existence. The denounced Society at Quebec was never intended to scatter 'tracts,' but to supply destitute Protestants with the ministrations of religion.

The Church of England does not believe that 'tracts' can ever be substituted for the Christian Ministry, or can ever supply the regular and authoritative administration of the ordinances of religion. The only publications at all coming under the denomination of 'tracts,' disseminated by that Church, are those sanctioned and recommended by the Society for promoting Christian knowledge in England; and certainly these cannot be accused of containing 'the most foul, the most false, the most brutal and wicked attacks against the Clergy and religious tenets of Catholics,' in general. A few of them, and but a few, contain a candid, dignified, and charitable exposition of what Protestants deem the errors of the Church of Rome, but are wholly innocent of the above atrocious charge; and by far the greater number of them are devoted to the fervent inculcation of that morality resulting from the love, fear, and faith of God, which is alike considered essential to religion by Romanist and Protestant. So far from any Society under the patronage of the Church of England taking the lead in the dissemination of 'tracts,' John B. McMahon knows right well that that Church is as often assaulted, and as foully misrepresented in these ephemeral productions as his own. It in these amiable and charitable pages generally imported from the liberal and tolerating adjoining States, the Church of Rome is designated as the old lady of Babylon, the Church of England is declared to be her daughter by many a clear and notable token. If tracts can in ought be credited, she exhibits the leading features and lineaments of her mother, is dressed up in her cast off gowns, adopts by far too freely her sentiments, apes her practices, & though in name reformed, is nearly as badly given as the old harlot herself. After such statements as these, as to which every Protestant of the Church of England in the Province knows the truth, how can the 'missionary' at Sherbrooke accuse non-existing emissaries of a yet inoperative Society of 'religious phrenzy and intolerance,' and of spreading tracts hostile to the Church of Rome under its patronage, when it was avowedly and openly constituted not for spreading inflammatory tracts, but for sending missionaries of peace and good will among the scattered and destitute settlers and Indians of Lower Canada? May we not say, apply your own rashly quoted text: 'Thou shalt not

ed the darkness in which he and his family were kept by their clergy! O, John B. McMahon! next time you take your 60 miles ride do assualt your respectable friend on the propriety and duty of speaking truth, even when he chances to speak of a Protestant.

But the most astounding part of the missionary's communication is the declaration that the efforts of Protestants, their dissemination of tracts, and their telling respectable persons who are willing to depose to a lie that they are in darkness, is an infraction of religious toleration, contrary to the laws of the province, and to a solemn treaty! Protestant Christians of all denominations, what think you of this? You are, it seems, bound by law and treaty not to attempt the dissemination of those truths the knowledge of which you think are essential to man's salvation, and if you make the attempt, you do violence to the principles of religious toleration. A writer more inclined to be rude than I am might perchance charge the Christian missionary with falsehood who should presume to speak of laws or treaties that do not exist, for there is neither law nor treaty prohibiting any Christian denomination from disseminating their tenets by every means in their power, the Protestants may try to convert His Holiness of Rome, and John B. McMahon may retaliate the audacity upon His Grace of Canterbury, without the slightest violation of law or treaty; but I shall rather inquire how these efforts can trench upon religious toleration.

By religious toleration I mean perfect liberty guaranteed by law to all men to embrace any system of religion they please compatible with the peace and order of civil society, and the same liberty to worship God in whatever manner their conscience dictates, only liable to the same necessary restriction. Any legal interference on the part of the civil magistrate with the faith or worship of any denomination, while none of those interests which he is appointed to watch over is endangered, I should consider an act of intolerance; but how moral suasion, reasoning, or instruction can be looked upon in the same light baffles my penetration. Reasoning and argument on the subject of religion may be displeasing, may be annoying, but it can neither interfere with a man's belief nor worship except when the evidence of previously entertained error amounts to conviction, and where this is not the case, except a temporary uneasiness, from which the aggrieved can generally withdraw himself, no bad effect whatever can follow. How, then, could the efforts of the Protestant society so severely denounced by the missionary, even if directed to the conversion of the Roman Catholics, which was never intended, be deemed an infraction of religious toleration? The numbers of the Church of Rome on whom the society might try the edge of its zeal could not be forced to renounce their creed and worship contrary to their will and judgment; they could not be compelled to abandon their Church and its ceremonies, but in spite of all the efforts of all the 'itinerant fanatics' under heaven might still remain firm in their first faith.

But let us turn for a moment to the 'missionary's' rule of religious toleration. 'Not to interfere with the religious tenants (tenets) of any except those committed to my charge, was my maxim of religious toleration.' With this 'maxim' no fault can be found provided all religious, and all modifications of religion, were equally good and especially safe; but as this is a point generally denied by Protestants, I shall not recommend the maxim for general adoption. But how does the missionary's tolerating maxim agree with his creed? That says that out of the Church there is no salvation, and that the Church is the Church of Rome; did he, then, resolve not to interfere with the tens of thousands around him that are not in the Church of Rome, and therefore, according to his belief, in danger of damnation? Did he resolve to look with cold, unfeeling apathy upon myriads perishing, and to confine his ministrations to the comparatively few of his own denomination? Can he believe in what his creed asserts and in what he professes, and not use every possible effort to snatch those unhappy brands from the burning? If he does not, charity itself will not prevent us from suspecting that he does not believe his own creed, and that he richly deserves to head the class in which he had the audacity to place the venerable and pious Bishop of Quebec. If then, Roman Catholics, according to their avowed sentiments, ought to interfere with the members of other Churches if they ought in pure charity to use every effort for their conversion, ought not Protestants, upon the self same ground, to interfere with Roman Catholics, and to do what they can to bring them 'and their families out of the darkness in which they are kept by their clergy?' And if Roman Catholics may do all this without infringing law, or treaty, or toleration, may not Protestants, equally convinced of the truth of their religion, use every means in their power to disseminate their tenets without being accused of 'phrenzy and religious intolerance,' violation of 'existing laws,' and contravention of 'solemn treaties?' The truth is, and the missionary knows it well, all denominations may use every moral means in their power to convince their opponents of error and to bring them over to their own faith, without being guilty of 'intolerance' in the slightest degree.

With what the missionary intends as a reply to a critic who, it seems, took notice of his letter the 5th April, in the Montreal Herald, I have little to do; but if there be any truth in 'ex pede Herculea,' that writer could demolish John B. McMahon with his little finger. It is amusing however, to hear the author of such virulent 'slip-slop' talk about 'disdain'; it puts me strongly in mind of Scott's Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, who entertained a huge 'disdain' for

all tall fellows, but who nevertheless qualified his 'disdain' with a few grains of neutralizing envy. A man of talent, a man of high intellectual powers, may talk of 'disdain' when assailed by an illiterate yelper and mean precisely what he says, but John B. McMahon is not that man.

In his pretended answer to the writer in the Herald, I notice a sentence respecting the Bishop of Quebec which were I to pass over my very pen would matiny against me. 'I have not,' he says, 'said one word marking disrespect to the person or the many good qualities of the Lord Bishop of Quebec.' If he means to take advantage of the Jesuit subterfuge that he did not say one but many words marking disrespect to the Bishop, his assertion may be true, in any other acceptance it is as unmixed a falsehood as ever was committed to paper. In his letter of the 6th April he has a sentence which, as I must give his very words, I am not at liberty to translate into English: it is as follows:—'Having read over and carefully perused the resolves of a Society bearing the above name, which held a general meeting at Quebec a few weeks since ... the Lord Bishop of Quebec in the chair: From my knowledge of facts I paused and said: O men of England! how long will a culpable ignorance, concerning the indigent settlers and Indians of Lower Canada make you the dupes of designing men, who notwithstanding their religious pretences have the unblushing hypocrisy for calling for your pecuniary assistance, for purposes entirely foreign to the principles of religious toleration' &c. Who, then, is the President of this very Society whose resolve caused the 'missionary' to lift up the plaintive stave of 'O men of England?' No less a personage than the Lord Bishop of Quebec! Who are the designing men of religious pretensions and unblushing hypocrisy against whom the people of England are so pathetically warned? The Bishop, the resident clergy of Quebec, and the other gentlemen constituting the Society, who are among the most respectable in the province! Yet one word has not been said marking disrespect to the Bishop! well, perhaps the 'missionary' ranks 'unblushing hypocrisy' among the 'good qualities.'

I have thus noted the second communication of the mild, modest, and charitable 'missionary' at Sherbrooke, and I have done so simply on account of the ferocious spirit of persecution which it displays in every line. In the course of my remarks I have plainly convicted him of misrepresentation, and of a deceitful attempt to represent to people at a distance Societies distinct in their origin, country, principles, and designs, as one; I have shewn him up as guilty of disingenuous quibbling, and last, and worst, he himself has saved me the trouble of proving that he is—a man who does not always speak the truth. If the missionary shall see fit to confine his abuse of Protestants and Protestant Institutions and to represent as intolerant bigots those whose ardent desire is to practise their religion, 'which is first pure and then peaceable,' in harmony and charity with all mankind, he shall hear again from a

CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN.
County of Mississauga, May 16th, 1836.

For the Mississauga Standard.

MR. EDITOR, Sir:—I see that that Idler 'I want to know,' is yet cracking his jokes on the public. I would not have minded such conceits, if my attention had not been attracted by another, who, I suspect, is of the same family. He forsooth pretended that he did not understand and could not explain the conceits of his 'cousin.' Instigated by his failure, pretended or real, I cannot say, I have been induced to look into the mighty conceit, and if it has any meaning, I guess it is this. I shall first take the gentleman's verbs. Verbs, as I have learned at school, are words which signify to be, to do or to suffer. I thence guess that the 'distinguished personage' is a real not a fictitious person, because to be implies that he is in life, for if he were not, how could he be distinguished? If then he be alive, he is doing something, because every man is doing something, and if he is doing, he is using verbs, and conjugating them through all their moods and tenses.

The Dictionary will help to get all the verbs which are referred to, by merely getting to the given letters, thus, L, to love, to lie, to levy. S, to swear, to spout, to slander. C, to complain, to cheat, to counterfeit. B, to brag, to boast, to burn, to bungle. P, to prey, to promise, to profit, to persecute. K, to keep, to kindle, to knight, (but that belongs to the King,) to knab. These are sad doings, and if they are the 'distinguished personage's' verbs, his conjugating them is no other than his doings.

Now for the nouns. But before I commence, I would take the liberty of suggesting that the word 'planning' in reference to the 'nouns,' would be better if metamorphosed into 'placing' or 'putting.' So then for the nouns. BB, blue bills. C, cash, contingencies. S, silver, Spanish dollars. G, gold grannie's grievances. M, money, more, most. P, N, promissory notes, public notices. L, L, lots of land, little learning. H, horses, harness, houses, holiness. W, here I am at a stand, unless it means 'warrants,' or something else 'winning and welcome, or shortly wv-s.'

The 'knack,' which the distinguished personage is said to be master of, is that of putting them in the possessive case, as I should suppose, or making them his own. Let us try one of them. Thy promissory notes, your promissory notes, his notes, their notes, I want to be all my notes. But how does he love and hate 'nouns' which begin M? M, money, more money answers the verb to love; and M, Mississauga, when S, follows kindles the fire and hence the command 'burn that ere bag.' I have explained the writing, but who the 'burning logician' may hap-

pen to be, I leave to the mercy of Stanbridge Ridge, as I am not acquainted with such destructive.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader,
THE MODERN DANIEL
My Home farm, 12th May, 1836.

'An old acquaintance' and Teddy O'Rafferty
in our next.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, MAY 17, 1836.

Mr. Papineau, the pretended Speaker of the House of Assembly, took it into his head, (which will never cease from troubling, until it gets itself into a 'fix,') to address one of his long letters to Mr. Bidwell, Speaker of the Assembly of Upper Canada. The letter contains 'no news of interest,' it is written with the usual virulence of the hypochondriac, and, as usual, looks largely against that source of all the woes of the French and Frenchified revolutionists—the Legislative Council. The Upper Canada cronies, after keeping the letter snugly in his breeches pocket for three weeks, at the twelfth hour of the Session was obliged reluctantly to 'fork it out,' as our elegant friend of the Vindication would say.

The Speaker Bidwell & his party had evidently been puzzled what to do with the letter; the 'tarnal thing' had fairly put them to a non plus; the how and the when to present it to the House had been long and solemnly reflected on, but no conclusion could be come to, until at length the last gasp of the session forced them in a fit of despair to throw it on the table. It was met by the House with a resolution, that 'it be returned' to Mr. Papineau.

Well done Upper Canada!

A query strikes us. Is it Constitutional for the Speaker of the House of Assembly of one colony, to enter into official correspondence with the Speaker of the Assembly of another colony without the knowledge of the King? We apprehend not; for we can see many and most weighty objections to such a proceeding.

Mr. Holland, who for a long time has filled the situation of Gaoler of the Montreal jail, lately resigned. A Mr. Beaudry succeeded him, but in a few days he got so disgusted with the situation that he also resigned. Mr. Charles Ward is now jailer.

The meeting for appointing Delegates to the Congress of the Associations, takes place in Shefford County, on 30th instant, at Froste Village.

The ice bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, to which an article in to day's paper alludes, has now 'pulled up stakes and cleared out.'

The beginning of last week was sultry, but on Friday morning, the 13th, the weather suddenly changed, and snow fell to the depth of two inches. On the 15th, two years ago, snow fell to the depth of 9 or 10 inches in this village, on the 14th last year, too, snow fell. The weather is again warm.

We request those who may want dead feathers enlivened, to attend to Mr. Gardner's advertisement.

When a man's inclination and his duty both concur in urging him to support, among a loyal people, the cause of a beloved King and a 'glorious constitution,' how easy it is to earn the good opinion of those, whose good opinion is worth having. The Irish Advocate says:—

We subjoin the opinion of the Mississauga Standard, on the conduct of Sir Francis Bond Head. It is really a gratifying fact to find in the Townships, a journal devoted to the preservation of our glorious constitution. Every man, who values the privileges he enjoys, should exclusively patronise those journals that work hand and heart in promoting the maintenance of our chartered rights, and it must be a matter of serious gratulation to those who may adopt the Townships for their residence, to possess a medium of communication, that will fairly and honorably express their feelings on the momentous questions that at present agitate the public mind.

FIRST ARRIVAL BY SEA.

On Saturday forenoon the ship, Canada, James Allen, was announced as off Crane Island (40 miles below Quebec) and boarded. She left Greenock with the Cherokee and Robertson. During a gale on the day of their sailing (30 March) they made for the nearest ports. From this gale to Quebec the Canada never stowed her mainsail having fair weather all the voyage.

She was 12 hours in Icicer's and 50 miles inside St. Pauls was detained 30 hours in ice. It is supposed that later ves-

els would meet ice just arriving blocking up the whole passage and they may be long detained.—Quebec Gaz.

Kingston, April 20th.—In every part of the province we hear of Constitutional public Meetings being called to address Sir Francis Head upon the principles of his Government. In Brockville, Belleville, River Trent, Hallowell, Bytown, Perth, Cobourg and several other places, the local newspapers are filled with loyal Addresses and Resolutions.—(Kingston Br. Whig.)

IS hereby given, that a distribution of all the money now in the Treasury of the Agricultural Society in the County of Rouville, will be made on Saturday the 21st day of May 1836, at the House of Oliver Flagg's at one o'clock P. M.

By order.

JOHN W. HAPGOOD, Secretary.

Clarenceville, May 5th 1836.

CASH paid for

Veal Skins

A APPRENTICE wanted.

PLINY WOODBURY.

St. Armand, April 21st, 1836. V2.8 tf.

THE Subscriber will pay Cash for

Veal Calf Skins.

H. M. CHANDLER.

Freelighsburg, 17th April, 1836. V2—2tf.

Star Tavern,



New Market, Montreal.

William Brown,

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully intimate to his former customers, friends, and the public in general, that he has leased and will occupy, on the 1st of May next, the house at present occupied by Mr. John Murphy, one door below his present Stand, having more extensive and better accommodations than heretofore, together with an addition of yard and stable.

The Stand being very near the Courts of Justice, and proximate to the market offers great inducement to the man of business or pleasure, & he hopes by unwearied attention to his customers to merit a continuance of their favors.

January 27, 1836.

46—12w.

For Sale,

OR

To Let,

THE premises owned and formerly occupied by the subscriber in the Village of Freelighsburg, consisting of a good two story dwelling house, garden, and a commodious horse barn. For terms enquire of Dr. J. Chamberlin, Freelighsburg or of the Subscr. in Sutton. HENRY BORIGHT. Freelighsburg, March 1 1836. 47—tf.

FRANKLIN STEREOGRAPHY

FOUNDRY.

SMITH, FARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in a good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt.

January 12 1836.



PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that a WHARF has been completed By the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and despatch. The Agent of the Company will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company, Montreal, August 1, 1833.

19—tf

BRIDGE

OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract or building a BRIDGE over the River St. Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sums for which they will complete the same, both with and without warrantee for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c., may be obtained by application at this Office.

Office of the B. A. L. Co.

Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835.

16—tf

BOOKS AND BOOK

BINDING:

THE subscriber has just received and new of SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., which he will sell cheaper for cash than can be bought at any other establishment in this vicinity. Ruling and Book-Binding in all its branches, executed with neatness and on reasonable terms.

JAMES RUSSELL.

St. Albans, Oct. 27, 1836.

18—tf

POETRY.

BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVELINESS.

He looked on the chiselled form and face,
And the rosy blush beguiling,
And the arch of the eye-brow's pencilled trace,
And the lip in moisture smiling.

He looked on the raven curls that fell
O'er the brow of Parian whiteness,
And the silken lash that softened the spell
Of the eye that swam in brightness:

He looked on the slender hand that shone,
Where the sparkle of gems abounded,
Like the star of eve on her vesper throne,
By the pearls of the sky surrounded:

He looked on the arm, as in floating grace,
It waved o'er the chords entrancing,
And the featherly foot, as it marked each trace
Of the melody in dancing.

He looked on those, while links of gold
With silken chains were blended;
And yet in his bosom calm and cold,
No wave of the soul descended.

No rapture glowed in his tranquil gaze,
The tremulous thought revealing;
He looked for the light of soul in the face,
And saw not a ray o'er it stealing.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL; OR, THE KING MAY COME IN THE CAD- GER'S WAY.

(continued)

There, however, was less eagerness on the part of the young monarch to behold his bride than on that of his subjects. We will not say that he had exactly imbibed the principles of a libertine, but it is well known that he was a *gallant* in the most *liberal* signification of the term, and that his amours extended to all ranks. He had therefore, until he had well nigh reached his thirtieth year, evaded the curb of matrimony, and it was not until the necessity of his marriage, for the welfare of his country, was urged upon him by his nobles, that he agreed to take the hand of young Margaret of England. And of her it might have been truly said, that his

'Peggy was a young thing,
Just entering in her teens,'

for she had hardly completed her fourteenth year. But she was a well-grown girl, one on whom was opening the dawn of loveliness womanhood—she was beautiful, and the gentleness of her temper exceeded her beauty. Young James was the most chivalrous prince of his age, he worshipped beauty, and he could not appear coldly before one of the sex. And having come to the determination (though unwillingly) to give up his bachelorism, or as he called it liberty, he at length resolved to meet his bride as became one whose name was chronicled on the page of chivalry. He accordingly arrayed himself in a jacket of black velvet, edged with crimson, and the edgings bordered with a white fur. His doublet was of the finest satin, and of a violet colour; his spurs were of gold, his hose crimson, and precious stones bespangled his shirt collar. The reiterated shouts of the multitude announced the approach of the queen, and thus arrayed the young king rode forth to greet her.

He entered the kirk, at the further end of which stood his fair bride between the Earls of Surrey and Northumberland. He started, he seemed to pause as his eyes fell upon her, but in a moment they were again lighted up with more than their wonted lustre. He had heard of her loveliness, but report had failed in doing justice to the picture. He approached to where she stood,—he sank upon his knee,—he raised her hand to his lips. The English nobility were struck with admiration at the delicate gallantry of the Scottish king.

I need not enter into the particulars of the ceremony. The youthful monarch conducted his yet more youthful bride and her attendants to his pavilion, while the heralds summoned the knights to the tournament, and prepared the other sports of the day. He took his lute and performed before her, and he sang words of his own composition, which related to her—for like others of his family that had gone before & that came after him, James had a spark of poetry in his soul.

'And dost thou understand this instrument, my own love?' said he, handling her the lute.

She blushed, and taking it in her hand began to discourse most eloquent music; and James, filled with admiration, again sinking on his knee, and clasping his hands together, remained in this attitude before her, until the trumpets of the heralds announced that the knights were in readiness for the tournament.

Thousands were crowded around the circle in which the knights were to exhibit their skill and prowess. The royal party took their seats on the dais prepared for them. Several trials of skill with sword, spear and battle-axe had taken place, and the spectators had awarded to the successful competitors their shouts of approbation, when the young king who sat beside his queen, surrounded by the lords Surry and Northumberland, and the nobles of his kindred, together with ladies of high degree, said—

'Trath, my lords, and whatever ye may think, they play it but coldly. Excuse me your Majesty for a few minutes,' continued he, addressing his young bride, 'I must put spirit into the spectacle.'

Thus saying the young monarch left the side of his bride, and for a time the same breaking of swords, spears, and battle-axes continued, when the chief herald of the tournament announced the SAVAGE KNIGHT. He entered the lists on foot, a visor concealing his face, arrayed as an Indian chief.

He was clothed in a skin fitting tightly to his body, which gave half of it the appearance of nudity. In his left hand he held a javelin, in his right hand he brandished a spear.

'Who is he?' was the murmur that rang through the crowd, but no one could tell, and the knights in the area knew not. He walked towards the centre of the circle, —he raised his spear,—he shook it in defiance towards every knight that stood around,—and they were there from England as well as from Scotland. But they seemed to deign amongst themselves who should first measure their strength with him. Not that they either feared his strength or skill, but that knowing the eccentricity of the king, they apprehended that the individual whom he had sent against them, in such an uncouth garb, and who was to hold combat with them at such extravagant odds, they being on horseback while he was on foot, might be no true knight, but some base-born man whom the monarch had sent against them for a jest's sake. But while they communed together, the *Savage Knight* approached near where they stood, and crying to them said—

'What is it ye fear Sir Knights, that ye hold consultation together. Is it my mailed body, or panoplyed steed?—or fear ye that my blood is base enough to rust your swords! Come on, ye are welcome to a trial of its colour.'

Provoked by his taunt, several sprang from their horses, and appeared emulous who should encounter him. But at the very onset, the *Savage Knight* wrestled the sword of the first who opposed him from his hand. In a few minutes the second was in like manner discomfited, and after a long and desperate encounter, the third was hurled to the ground, and the weapon of the wild knight was pointed to his throat. The spectators rent the air with acclamations. Again the unknown stood in the midst of the circle, and brandished his spear in defiance. But enough had been seen of his strength and his skill, and no man dared to encounter him. Again the multitude shouted more loudly, and he walked around the amphitheatre, bowing lowly towards the spectators, and receiving their congratulations.

Now in the midst of the motley congregation, and almost at the point farthest removed from the dais of royalty, stood none other than Strong Andrew, with bonny Janet under his arm; and it so happened, that when the *Savage Knight* was within view of where Andrew stood, his visor fell, and though it was instantly replaced, it enabled our sturdy fisherman to obtain a glance of his countenance, and he exclaimed—

'O save us Janet woman, look, look, look!—do ye see wha it is! Confound me if it isna the very chield that I gied the clout in the lug to in your mother's the other night for his good behaviour. Weel, as sure as death I gie him credit for what he has done...he's tain the measure o' their feet ony way! A knight!—he's nae mair a knight than I'm aye—but it shews that knights are nae better than other folk.'

There was a pause for a short space—again the monarch sat upon the dais by the side of his blooming bride. The great spectacle of the day was about to be exhibited. This spectacle was a battle in earnest between an equal number of Borderers and Highlanders. The heralds and the marshals of the combat rode round the amphitheatre, and proclaimed that rewards should be bestowed on all who signalized themselves by their courage, and to the most distinguished a purse of gold would be given by the hands of the king himself. Numbers of armed clansmen & Borderers entered the area. Andrew's fingers began to move, and his fists were suddenly clenched, relaxed and clenched again. He began to move his shoulders also. His whole body became restless, and his soul manifested the same symptoms, and he half involuntarily exclaimed—

'Now here's a chance!
Chance for what, Andrew dear?' inquired Janet tremulously, for she knew his nature.
'To make a fortune in a moment,' returned he eagerly,—'to be married the morn! The king is to gie a purse o' gold!'

Now the only obstacle that stood between the immediate union of Andrew and Janet was his poverty.
'Come away Andrew love,' said she imploringly, and pulling his arm as she spoke; 'I see your drift!...come away—come away—we have seen enough. Dina na be after ony sic nonsense, or thro wing away your life on sic an errand.'

'Wheesht Janet hiny,...wheesht,' said he, 'dinna be talking havers. Just stand you here,—there's not the smallest danger,...I'll be back to ye in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at the utmost,...ye may take my word upon that.'

'Andrew!' cried she, 'are ye out o' your mind attheither,—or do ye want to put me out o' mine? I really think it looks like it! O man would ye be guilty of murdering yourselv! I may say!—come away—come away dear—for I'll no stand to see it.'

'Hoot Janet hiny,' returned he, 'come dear, dinna be silly.'

Now the number of the Highland party was completed, and they stood a band of hardy, determined, and desperate-looking men, but the party of the Borderers was one deficient.

'Is there not another,' cried the herald, 'to stand forth, and maintain with his

sword the honor and courage of the Borderers?'

'Yes! here am I!' shouted Andrew, and drawing Janet's arm from his, 'now dearest,' added he hastily, 'just have patience,...just stand here for ten minutes,—and I'll let ye see what I can do.'

She would have detained him, but in a moment he sprang into the amphitheatre and exclaimed...

'Now Sir Knights, ye that ha'e been trying your hands at the tourneyings, will ony of ye ha'e the guidness to oblige me wi' the loan of your sword for a wee while, and I'll be bond for ye I'll no disgrace it—I'll try the temper of it in earnest.'

Andrew instantly had a dozen to choose upon, and he took his place amongst the Borderers.

When he joined them, those who knew him said... 'The day is ours...Andrew is a host in himself.'

The marshals gave the signal for the onset,...and a deadly, a savage onset it was. Swords were shivered to the hilt. Men who had done each other no wrong, who had never met before, grasped each other by the throat—the Highland dirk and the Border knife were drawn. Men plunged them into each other,—they fell together,—they rolled the one over the other in the struggles and the agonies of death. The wounded strewed the ground,—they strove to crawl from the strife of their comrades. The dead lay upon the dying, and the dying on the dead. Death had reaped a harvest from both parties, and no man could tell on which would lie the victory. Yet no man could stand before the sword-arm of Andrew—antagonist after antagonist fell before him. He rushed to every part of the combat, and where ever he went the advantage was in favour of the Borderers. He was the champion of the field—the hero of the fight. The king gave a signal, (perhaps because his young queen was horrified with the game of butchery,) and at the command of the marshals the combatants on both sides laid down their arms. Reiterated shouts again rang from the spectators. Some clapped their hands and cried... 'Eyemouth yet! Who's like Andrew!—We'll carry him home shouther high!' cried some of his townsmen.

During the combat poor Janet had been blind with anxiety, and was supported in the arms of the spectators who saw him rush from her side. But as the shouts of his name burst on her ear, consciousness returned; and she beheld him, with the sword in his hand, hastening towards her. Yet ere he had reached where she stood, he was summoned by the men at arms, who had kept the multitude from pressing into the amphitheatre, to appear before the king, to receive from his hands the promised reward.

Anxious as he had been to obtain the prize, poor Andrew, notwithstanding his heroism, trembled at the thought of appearing in the presence of a monarch. His idea of the king was composed of imaginings of power, and greatness, and wisdom and splendour—he knew him to be a man, but he did not think of him as such. And he said to those who summoned him to the royal presence—

'O save us a' sirs! what shall I say to him?—or what will he say to me? How shall I behave? I would rather want the siller than gau wi' ye!'

In this state of tremor and anxiety, Andrew conducted towards the canopied dais before the Majesty of Scotland. He was led to the foot of the steps which ascended to the seat where the monarch and his bride sat. His eyes were riveted on the ground, and he needed not to doff his bonnet, for he had lost it in the conflict.

'Look up, brave cock o' the Borders,' said the monarch; 'certes man, ye would ha'e an ill-fair'd face if ye needed to hide it after exhibiting sic a heart and arm.'

Andrew raised his head in confusion, but scarce had his eyes fallen on the countenance of the king, when he started back as though he had beheld the face of a spirit.

'Ha! traitor!' exclaimed the monarch, and a frown gathered on his brow.

A moment Andrew perceived that his victor-wrestler,—his crony in Luckie Hewitt's,—the tempter of his Janet,—the man whom he had felled with a blow, and whose blood he had drawn,—and the king of Scotland was one and the same person.

'Guid gracious!' exclaimed Andrew, 'I'm done man!'

'Seize him!' said the king.

But ere he had said it, Andrew recollecting that if he had a good right hand, he had a pair of as good heels, and if he had trusted to the one a few minutes before, he would trust to them now, and away he bounded like a startled deer, carrying his sword in his hand.

A few seconds elapsed before the astonished servants of the king recovered presence of mind to pursue him. As he fled, the dense crowd that encircled the amphitheatre surrounded him, but many of them knew him,—none had forgotten his terrible courage,—and although they heard the cry re-echoed by the attendants of the monarch to seize him, they opened an avenue when he approached, and permitted him to rush through them. Though perhaps the fear of the sword which he brandished in his hand, and the terrible effects of which they had all witnessed, contributed not less than admiration of his courage to procure him his ready egress from amongst them.

He rushed towards the sea-banks, and suddenly disappeared where they seemed precipitous, and was lost to his pursuers;

and after an hour's search they returned to the king, stating that they had lost trace of him and could not find him.

'Go back, ye dull dogs!,' exclaimed the monarch angrily, 'seek him,—find him,—nor again enter our presence until ye again bring him bound before us at Holyrood.'

(To be continued.)

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